STUDENT LANTERN

JUNE 1917

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is one of the impossibilities of THE TRAILER, but a DUTY and DEED of the LEADER. It is only one of the acts that show THOUGHT and WILL, but it is a MASTERLY ONE. If you can SAVE a DIME you can SAVE TEN OF THEM—enough to start a SAVINGS ACCOUNT.

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RESOURCES OVER $2,000,000.00

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THE SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF SAGINAW

Capital and Surplus $1,000,000

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JANES AND GENESEE

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Our line this season is especially complete. A great profusion of styles in white for the girls and some of the neatest and niftiest patterns for the boys. We would be glad to show you. POPULAR PRICES.

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Said Q. B.: "I C U R Inclined 2 B A J."

Said B. Q.: "UR mind I C Shows signs of slight D K."—Ex.

Eddie: "Ever read 'Looking Backward'?"

"Yes, once in an exam, and I was canned for it."—Ex.

Found on a Freshman's exam paper: "Noah's wife was called Joan of Arc."—Ex.

Miss B.: "William will you please run up the shade?"

Will: "I'd like to but none of my ancestors were monkeys."

GIVE HER FLOWERS

Grohman THE FLORIST

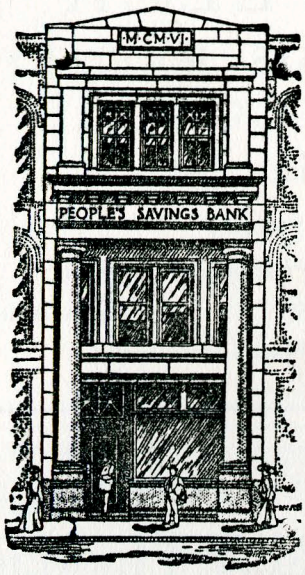
Opposite Tanners

117 N. Franklin Phones 248

ROBERT H. COOK

Attorney at Law

204-206 Eddy Building



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OF

Saginaw, Mich.

204 Genesee Ave.

Capital and Surplus $215,000.00

We pay interest on savings accounts. Safety Deposit Boxes for rent. Burglar proof vaults. We solicit your banking business, let it be large or small.

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"The Home of Rexall Remedies"

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Saginaw, Michigan

For Graduation---
A NORFOLK

Single and Double
Breasted

Yoke back, inverted pleat, half belt or belt all around.

Dark Fabrics suitable for the occasion

HEAVENRICH'S
Corner Genesee and Franklin

Student Lantern

VOL. XI. JUNE MCMXVII NO. 7

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JIM HARRIS.

PUBLISHED BY
Saginaw High School Lyceum
SAGINAW, MICH.

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QUICK SERVICE REASONABLE PRICES

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Conny Kelly: "Will you embark with me on the ocean of matrimony?"

Lucille Ohland: "I'm afraid I might get sea-sick."

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Elinor and Michigan West Side
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We make a specialty of Framing Diplomas and Guarantee them not to wrinkle

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Spike Milligan: "Have you read my new book?"

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Spike: "What do you think of it?"

Raphael: "I think the covers are too far apart."

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WALTER L. CREGO

DENTIST

Rooms 7 and 8, Mason Bldg.
SAGINAW, MICH.

STUDENT LANTERN

VOLUME XI JUNE, 1917 Number 7

Ann's Advertiser

Personal.

Bachelor—32—would marry. Worth $60,000. Thos. H. Hoover. Box 8—Toledo, Ohio. "Morning Gazette."

Such was the advertisement that greeted Phillys Parker's eyes as she stretched languidly before the fire-place.

"My dear," she drawled to Jane Merrihew, who was passively reading a magazine, "listen to this." And she read the article. "Isn't that *rare*? Can you *imagine* answering an advertisement like that?"

"Mercy," cried Jane after a series of gasps and hysterical giggles, "He probably is some fat, bald-headed farmer who would wear one of those bear-skin coats—you know what I mean—those young Bruin rugs, you know."

"Wouldn't it be *killing* to answer that?" exclaimed Phillys.

"My soul, Phil, what are you talking about? Answer what?" cried a merry voice from the door.

"O, Ann Marshall, just the person! We have a perfectly exciting plan! Read this," cried Jane as she pushed the paper towards Ann.

"Yeah? What's the answer?" asked Ann as she looked inquiringly over the paper.

"The answer," began the stalwart Jane, "is that—"

"We are going to write him," interrupted Phillys "and *you* are the one to do it!"

"Me?" shrilled Ann in a voice of horror. "Me! Well *what* next!" she gasped as she sank weakly in a chair. "I should say *not*!"

"Not on a dare, Ann? Remember what you said last night! Ann Marshall, I *dare* you to answer it," taunted Jane.

A series of gasps, and finally high soprano giggles were heard from the chair in which Ann had collapsed. "You are the limit, Jane," she finally managed to say. "But if you put it *that* way—why of course I—"

And Jane stalked up with the ink and stationery. "Here"—she commanded. "Before you change your mind."

"We must send him your *picture*, Ann. Why, he'll go *crazy*! Only fancy *you* of all people, Ann, answering an ad in a *matrimonial* bureau. O, this is rich!"

Yes, Ann of all people! Ann was, we might say, almost the "belle" of Bay City. She and her "crowd" were certainly a noted clique. What they couldn't think of, wasn't worth mentioning, and Ann was usually the leader in their antics. To look at her, you would echo Phillys' words. Her eyes—they were either blue or black, one *never* could quite decide—snapped and sparkled constantly under their fringe of black lashes. Her small, pearly teeth played hide and seek constantly with the round dimples at the corners of her mouth. Ann of the dusky hair and brilliant rose coloring and the happy-go-lucky ways, was certainly and emphatically, the least person on earth who would ever be suspected of answering the advertisement of Thomas H. Hoover, bachelor.

"My picture! Heavings! Well, I'll send that, but I won't sign my real name. Let's sign it—oh—ah—'Sarah Applegate Slissy!' O, great! Sarah Applegate Slissy. That sounds like an old maid. I'll say 'Good cook and'—"

"Loving disposition," added Jane.

"Loving disposition it is," said Ann as she hastily wrote it down. "I'll give *your* address, Jane, so Mom won't know. If she knew this! O me, O my! It would be a convent for mine, all right, all right."

So the photograph and letter of "Sarah Applegate Slissy," alias Miss Ann Marshall of the "loving disposition," went serenely on their way to the unsuspecting Thos. H. Hoover of Box 8—Toledo, Ohio, care "Morning Gazette."

Two days later in the office of the "Morning Gazette," two youths were doubling over in spasms of laughter.

"My lord"—gasped one, "Someone has fallen for it. Tom'll croak when we show it to him. Believe me, boy, you gotta tell him about it. Serves him right anyway for being such a confirmed old 'Bach.' He'll kill us, boy, when he finds out that we did this! Come on, let's face the music."

Accordingly a few minutes later, they tip-toed hesitatingly into the office of Thos. H. Hoover, M. D. Finding it unoccupied, they gingerly placed the large envelope on the desk and hurried out. The door had hardly closed when a tall, business-like young man hurried in. Seeing the envelope on the desk, he hastily ripped it open and the photograph of Ann smiled forth at him.

"Whew!" gasped Tom as he fumbled for the letter. "What's up? Some mistake! Maybe a patient or something."

Because you see,, Tommy was a busy M. D.—and was dubbed "the old Bach."

"In answer to your advertisement" he began. And then he threw back his blond young head and let out a mighty roar. "Loving disposition," he snorted. "Sarah Applegate Slissy." He wiped the tears from his eyes. "But for all the name, she's a wonder! By

George!" he chuckled. "Advertisement? Advertisement?" he pondered. "Now what the deuce does she mean by that?"

His dark eyes smoldered with the realization that he was being made the object of a practical joke. Hearing convulsing snorts outside his door, he pulled it open suddenly and there stood the two culprits.

"I cannot tell a lie, Tommy," one said meekly as he raised both hands in surrender, "I did it with my little pen."

"You see, Tom," put in the other, "You're such a darned old Bach, that we thought we'd play a joke on you, so we sent in an ad to the Morning Gazette Matrimonial Bureau."

At first Tom was inclined to rave and fume around, but then his humorous nature got the best of him.

"Well, boys," he chuckled," Just to show you you're not so smart as you think you are, I'm going to answer that letter immediately. 'Sarah Applegate Slissy.' For the love of Mike, read this," he cried, and the two boys fell excitedly upon it—but Tom withheld the photo.

"Prepare for a shock," he said gravely. "Behold—She of the loving disposition, the Lady O' My Dreams!"

" *Your* dreams, Tom. Why I didn't think you took time to dream"

"O, yes, occasionally. I'm not as bad as you think I am. Anyway I'm going to answer this. Why, I'll bet she is a stunner and—and—anyway she can change her name to Mrs. Tom Hoover."

"You must send a return photo, Tom"—they advised, "By George, we'll make a match out of this yet."

Well, imagine Ann's surprise when she received the letter "care of Miss Jane Merrihew," bearing Tom's picture and message.

"Girls," she screamed as they tremblingly awaited her, "Look! Look! O, what have we done! What have we done, Why he's a—My soul, look at him! A regular Harold Lockwood," she wailed tragicly as she handed the photo to the girls.

"Well, Ann Marshall, if that isn't just your luck," drawled Jane, "Now, if I had sent my photo, he surely would have had side-burns, and the gout, an--"

"O, I'm going to write him immediately and tell him the whole truth. He says," she sobbed, "He—he will come to see me. O, if there ever was a bigger fool than I am today, it would comfort me to know it. O, but isn't he heavenly?" she sighed.

Tommy received an apologetic, oh extremely apologetic and regretful note in return. It said that she, Ann Marshall, was *so* sorry and hoped he would forget about it and—and—that perhaps *some* day, they might make each other's acquaintance.

Well, Tommy put a little sign on his office door and left word with the housekeeper that he would be "out of town for a few days." When Tommy went after anything, he always got it.

A few days later, if you happened to stroll past the Marshall porch—the *side* porch, the one with the swing—you would have overheard a conversation that went something like this:

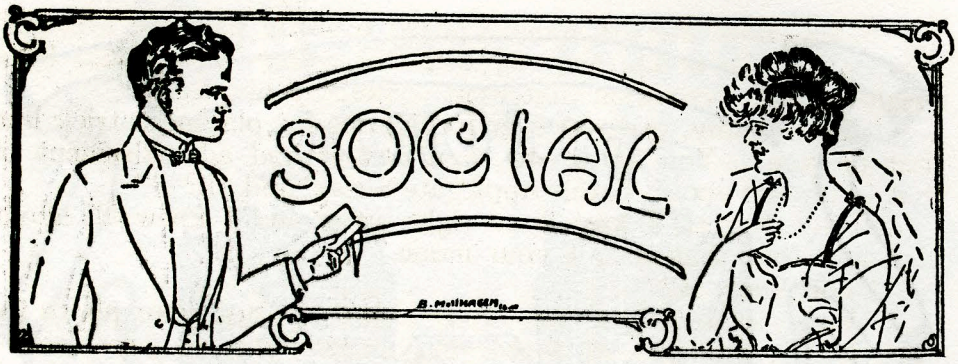
"But Tommy, can you ever forgive me for playing a trick like that on you? You know—to even *answer* and advertisement of that kind, and about 'Sarah Applegate Slissy' and all?—"

"Why dearest, I knew you right away and I knew all about you, and that that wasn't your name."

"You knew it!!"

"Yes, you see I had been crazy about you and your photo for ages, Jane had told me all about you, because, you see, Jane, well—Jane's my cousin!"

ELEANOR MILLIGAN, '17.



The Thencean literary society entertained the Lyceum, Friday, May 27, with a dance and spread in the Manual Training building. It was the annual Thencean party and the first time the girls have had guests at such an occasion. Dancing was enjoyed from 4 to 6 o'clock in the gymnasium, followed by the spread, which was served in the dining room. Music for the dancing was furnished by a three-piece orchestra, and a program of modern dances followed. The faculty patronesses for the event were the Misses Georgia Maier, Lois Wilson, Julia Roberts, Ruth Smith and Edna Moiles. Principal and Mrs. W. W. Warner were also guests of honor.

AMPHION AND GLEE CLUB.

The two musical Clubs, Glee and Amphion, entertained themselves at an informal party May 18, from four to six, in the gymnasium. Dancing was enjoyed from four to six, the music being furnished by Mr. Kramer, after which refreshments were served on the serve-self plan in the kitchen. The invited guests were Misses Ruby Smith, Ruth Smith, Roberts and Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Brydges, Mr. Hopkins and Mrs. Wilson.

"I saw you outside the Hotel Bancroft last week."

"That's where I'm staying."

"Where?"

"On the outside."

Doris Pike: "Do you think it's cruel to separate a wife from a husband?"

Stewy Kelly: "Not cruel; impossible."

She: What would you do if I should run up-stairs and leave you alone?

He: I'd hold you.

She: I'm going.

"My heart is with the ocean," cried the poet rapturously.

"You've gone me one better," replied his sick friend as he took a firmer grasp on the rail.

STUDENT LANTERN

Published Every School Month by
Saginaw High School Lyceum

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Address all letters, stories and other communications to

STUDENT LANTERN
Saginaw High School SAGINAW, MICH.

THE Commencement number is the last issue for 1916-17, and we wish to thank the students of the school for their efforts in helping to issue the "Student Lantern." We leave our best wishes to our successors and hope that they will enjoy your co-operation next year.

MANY of the patrons of the "Mikado" were surprised at the quality and quantity of advertisement printed on the programs. We have learned that two members of the Glee Club were especially responsible for soliciting the ads and "The Lantern" wishes to congratulate Messrs. Beckwith and Strickland upon their good work.

A wise old owl lived in an oak,
The more he saw the less he spoke,
The less he spoke, the more he heard,
Why can't we all be like that bird.

April 13—Lyceum is a successful host at a dancing party in the Gym. Thencean at its meeting decides to invite Lyecum to the annual spread. Affirmatives carry off the laurels in the Valley Debate. The negatives visit Bay City Eastern.

April 14—Game with B. C. W. postponed.

April 16— Board of Control has its usual "Blue Monday" meeting and Mr. T. breaks the news of his parting.

April 17—No Chapel. Academy burns (what will we do now with our 7th hours?)

April 19—The following Thespians are chosen for "Green Stockings:" Lucille Ohland, Eugene Oppermann, Maynard Childs, Eleanor Milligan, Wayne Wenger, Marguerite Beck, Harold Whitcomb, Doris Pike, Raphael MacGregor, Margaret Judd, Albert Schirmer and Theodore Timchac.

April 20—The Mikado makes another bow before the footlights.

April 21—As a result of the ineligibility of Norman Buetow, Stewart and Conny Kelley, Flint defeats us 14 to 4.

April 23—The date of the Gym Ex. is announced as Friday evening, June 8th. Patriotic numbers will be featured.

April 24—Upper Class Chapel. We are delightfully entertained by Lucille Ohland, James Brown and Russell Roberts. Mr. Warner outlines plans concerning students who wish to work on farms.

April 25—A little more grilling for the frat suspects. Freshmen Chapel.

April 26—Miss Bertie Neff speaks to the girls in Chapel.

April 27—Lyceum adopt a pin. The Student Lantern is put on sale. "Some Class." The Thencean party proves to be an enjoyable event.

April 31—Girls go to Chapel. Eddie is quite the little fire-bug in Room 4.

May 1—Chapel! we sing Marsellaise, God Save the King and Star Spangled Banner. Who said we had no spirit!

May 2—Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The Freshmen march to Chapel. Childhood's disease are prevalent. Bill Goodman is stricken with measles.

May 3—Some more Aurora pictures. Girls enjoy ice cream social in Room 7.

May 4—Waldron Pellter wins 2nd place in the district declamation contest.

May 6—Port Huron defeats Saginaw 10 to 6.

May 7—Gene Oppermann is "beat up" 6th hour and comes out somewhat worse for wear and tear, but triumphantly bearing a sewing basket. She's some fighter, isn't she Gene?

May 8—School Board opposes plan to convert Alumni field into a Preparedness Garden. E. Milligan and M. Light roll majestically up in a jitney bus 1st hour. Prof. Riddell gives us an interesting address in Chapel.

May 9—Freshmen Chapel. Mr. S. tells the 3rd hour civics class how to preserve their youthful complexions. Ask dad, he knows.

May 10—Flint plays Saginaw. Coach Miller refuses to stand for raw umpiring and calls team off of field. Tracksters meet Alumni and defeat them 70½ to 36½. Senior class meeting held. Announcements for Graduation Exercises are decided upon.

May 11—Thirty boys express willingness to aid in war preparedness campaign by farming a tract of land. Two hundred agree to march in the annual Memorial Day parade.

May 12—Thencean have meeting. Letters are awarded to H. MacGregor, Wm. Norris, H. Graham, H. Mitchell, R. Emery and S. Kelley. Wm. Norris is elected captain of the team for 1918. Wonder who hit little Iky?

May 13—Saginaw clashes with B. C. W. and defeats them 4 to 2. Manual Training Exhibit announced to be given June 14 and 15. Senior Class meeting. We decide to have baccalaureate service in Presbyterian church June 17.

May 17—Miss T. returns to our midst. Eastern time adopted and "we have to go to bed by day."

May 18—Lyceum elect officers for next year as follows: Pres., Albert Plambeck; Vice-Pres., James Bearinger; Secretary, Karl Schmidt; Marshall, Albert Fish.

May 22—Upper Class Chapel. Seniors are warned that they "are not out of the woods yet."

May 23—Freshmen Chapel. A committee of 11 is appointed to stamp out fraternities consisting of 3 suspected students, 3 parents, E. C. Warriner and W. W. Warner, and 3 members of the Board of Education.

May 25—Prof. E. C. Lindeman speaks on school garden work. Junior play in progress.

May 29—Sag. plays Arthur Hill and is defeated by a score of 3 to 2.

May 30—Decoration Day—no school.

May 31—O. M. S.—Junior goes to his first pink tea.

June 1—We wait breathlessly for the bell to dismiss us for the parade. Green Stockings is a splendid success.

FRANCES K. DREIER.

The Tale of a Clock

Standing all day from morning till night at my station between the stairs in the High School, you would naturally think it would be tiresome and monotonous. But it isn't so! My no! I listen to the prattle of the passing classes. It is very amusing. Come and stand and listen for yourself. They are passing now. Just keep still and listen:

"Hello, Jane! Say, what'll ya get in German? She did! Well, for evermore! She flunked me! Honest-lee! Just out of spite! She hates me. O, well, what can ya expect from a dried up old maid like her?

"Here comes Grace and Jack! Awful case! Aren't they a killing couple tho? He's *so* good-looking."

"Say write me a composition for third hour."

"Going to the party tomorrow? What-cha going to wear?"

"Hey, I got kicked out o' Economics again. Third time this week. I don't care!"

"Hey, fer gosh sakes write me an excuse for last Friday afternoon!"

"Wha'd she give us in English for tomorrow? No--honest-lee? I'm not going to do it. I'll tell her I was out and didn't get it."

"Hey, I gotta plod down to the Hoyt Library fer some junk for public speaking. Ain't it the limit? I speak every week."

"Did ya know that Tom had a new machine? Believe me, I'm going to stick around!"

"See that waist on Mary? Well, she got it at——for 98c. Kinda cute, isn't it?"

"Say, Miss —— gave me an awful bawling out this morning! I'd like to know if she thinks I'm a horse and can stand all the work she gives me to do."

"Hey, let's skip and go to the Strand this afternoon. Great show, believe me, great!"

"Say, d'ye know I heard she wasn't goin' to graduate? Some teachers positively haven't any consideration. Well, there's one consolation for us, Miss —— will probably be getting a pension soon and quit."

"Hey, hurry up, or we'll be late. See ya after seventh hour!"

E. M., '17.

Financial Statement

STUDENT LANTERN

Receipts

BALANCE April 18	$177.35
Advertising	32.80
Cash Sales, April issue by W. Slack	26.60
Credit Sales, April issue, by W. Slack	13.70
Valley Printing Co., overcharge Feb. issue	13.00
	$263.45

Expenditures

Valley Printing Co.	$106.79
Postage for Exchanges	.50
Postage on Subscriptions	.08
	$107.37

Total Receipts	$263.45
Total Expenditures	107.37
BALANCE June 4	$156.08

S. H. S. ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

April 19	BALANCE	$1121.57

Receipts

23	Flint-Sag. B. B. game.	6.05
	Same Lib. Sale	2.25
May 7	Gate Receipts, Port Huron Game	5.20
	Library Sales, same	1.50
14	Lib. Sales B. C. W. Game	1.60
	Gate Receipts, same	6.60
31	Gate Receipts, A. H. Game	8.45
	Same, at 15c	9.00
	Lib. Sales, same	10.95
June 4	O. R. Miller, Report on Lansing Meet	5.16
	O. R. Miller, Refund on B. C. W. Game	6.00
	Total	$1184.33

Expenditures

April 20	Western Union	$ 1.87
26	O. R. Miller, Flint Ex.	16.00
30	Wright P. Dilson, bill	11.90
	Express on above to W. W. W	.50
	F. O. Berger, base ball goods	22.50
	Poop & Wolf, 1 spade	1.00
May 3	Thomas E. Wilson & Co., B. B. supplies	15.80
5	O. R. Miller, Exp. Pt. Huron game	50.00
8	E. .W Corbett, per W. W. W., drayage	.50
11	B. C. W. B. B. Game	5.00
18	O. R. Miller, Exp. per team to Flint	16.00
21	O. R. Miller, Exp. per team to Flint	3.12
21	O. R. Miller, Exp. per B. C. W	6.00
21	F. A. Berger, 1 doz. D. & M. league balls	10.50
	Schirmer Drug Co.	1.50
24	O. R. Miller, M. O. C. meet	30.00
28	Topham Bros., taxi for O. R. Miller	1.00
June 1	F. A. Berger, blank cartridges	.40
4	John Vorwich, umpire.	2.50
	Total	$ 196.09

Total Receipts	$1184.33
Total Expenditures	196.09
BALANCE June 4	$ 988.24

MIKADO
May 18, 1917

Receipts

April 18	Rec'd at door Palace Theatre	$ 43.80
24	Program Adv.	63.40
24	Ticket sale, Mrs. Wilson	51.70
25	Ticket sale, Mrs. Wilson	32.40
26	Ticket sale, Mrs. Wilson	9.75
27	Program Adv.	3.00
27	Tickets, Mrs. Wilson	7.45
May 3	Program Adv.	6.00
10	A. Tams, return of deposit on Mikado score	25.00
11	Program Adv.	1.00
		$243.50

Expenditures

Jan. 6	Arthur A. Tams	$ 43.00
Feb. 14	Mrs. K. M. B. Wilson	4.71
April 21	Mrs. K. M. B. Wilson	32.10
21	Palace Theatre, per S. Alexander	35.00
24	W. J. McCron, programs	16.40
25	Express, W. W. Warner	.89
26	Mrs. K. M. B. Wilson, as follows:	
	Courier Herald Adv.	3.86
	Evening News, Adv.	3.36
	Kanaly tickets	1.75
	Window Cards	3.25
	Bal. Palace Theatre	7.78
	Electrician J. Izzo	3.00
	Cloth, gold paint	.37
	Fans	1.80
	Paper for Cherry Blossoms	1.35
	Music for Orchestra	1.20
May 7	Paid Mrs. Stanick for Make-up materials	1.45
		$180.19

Total Receipts	$243.50
Total Expenditures	180.19
PROFIT	$ 63.31

There's a bad side, 'tis the sad side—
Never mind it!
There's a bright side, 'tis the right side—
Try to find it!
Pessimism's but a screen
Thrust the light and you between—
But the sun shines bright, I ween,
Just behind it!

A hedgehog on the ground is a sign of a late winter.

Yes, and a banana peel is the sign of an early "fall."

John Slack: "My brother wants to move to Pontiac."

Bolton: "He must be crazy."

Slack: "He is."

Archie MacGregor: "Very nice weather we've been having lately."

Fritz Hot: "Yes, but I think we'll have some rain soon."

Archie Mac: "Why?"

Fritz: "Why, I can feel the change in my pocket."

The one thing common to all systems of theology is "Passing the plate."

A pessimist is a person who looks for splinters in a club sandwich.

Where He Was Headed

The militant pastor of the little church in Missouri glared at his congregation and shook his long hair. Then he smiled grimly.

"Carrying out my original announcement," he said, "I shall call the names of those persons now asleep in the congregation. John Stackpole!"

There was no response.

"John Stackpole!" bawled the minister.

"Coming down now," he called drowsily; "keep things hot for me."

"You're going down all right, John Stackpole," roared the minister, "and things will be kept very, very hot for you. Let us now sing the ninety-ninth hymn."

"Mother, why did you marry dad?"

"Johnny, I married your father because he saved me from drowning," replied his mother.

"I'll bet that's why dad's always tellin' me not to go in for swimmin'," said Johnny.—Ex.

Fisherman: What are you plunging back into the water for? You just swam ashore.

Pat: Sure I had to save myself first. Now I am going back to get Mike.

Jimmy Brown, who was writing a letter to his little chum, was trying to tell him all the news—

"Dear Jack," he wrote, "You know Freddie's neck, don't you? Well, he fell into the river up to it."

C: "I never laugh at Lantern jokes."

D: "Why?"

C: 'I have been taught to respect old age."

Ruth W.: (calling to see a sick friend at V— and thinking the nurse would answer the bell): "May I see Mr. E—, please?"

Nurse: "No one but relatives are allowed to see him."

Ruth W.: "Oh! well, you see, I am his sister."

Nurse: "Well, well, I am very glad to know you; I am his mother."

Rust: "Fritz took Natalie to a dance last night."

MacGregor: "Did he go in a Tuxedo?"

Rust: "No, they walked."

Gay: "I didn't see you in church last Sunday."

"Monk" Slack: "No, I can sleep more comfortably in bed."

G. Huss: Doesn't that scar on your head bother you?

F. VanAuken (greatly fussed): Oh No! It's next to nothing.

Do you go to church for the sermon or for the music?

Helen S.: I go for the 'hims' of course.

We wonder—

Why F. Ruff boosts "Sloan's Liniment" so heartily.

What marred Ikey's youthful beauty.

Where Walter and Jimmy go Saturday nights.

Why "Dana" has it in for the Seniors.

Why Bing is always on time now.

Why Tubbie R. hates to be called "Jenny."

When Bill Goodman will go to war.

Who Raphael Mac. took to Culver's May 8th.

Why Mr. S. wears such a broad grin nowadays.

Whose sewing Gene O. carried so reverently around.

Miss B (in Latin IX.): Fuisti. John, what Person? Tell me quickly.

John Slack (quickly): Ah-h-h you.

Hout: Did I understand you to say Helen Spencer won't take you seriously?

MacGregor: Not exactly. I said seriously she won't take me at all.

Mrs. Brown: We're going to Palm Beach this year. They say it's a regular Garden of Eden.

Mrs. Brown: Oh, I imagined it was more dressy than that.

G. Huss: "Why do you bow to me? I don't know you."

Frank Schmidt: "I aint bowing. My collar button's slipped down my neck."

Tramp Slack: "Would youse give me a cake of soap?"
Kind Lady: "Soap! You don't mean to tell me you want a cake of *soap*!"
Tramp Slack: "Yes. Me pardner's got the hiccoughs and I want to scare him."

The Sophomores saw a patch of green,
They thot it was the Freshman class;
But when they closer to it drew,
They saw it was a looking-glass.
—By "Cutie."

Censor: "How old are you Madam?"
Girl: "I've seen nineteen summers."
Censor: "How long were you blind?"

A bald head is like Paradise. There is no parting there.

Definition for school paper: One to which one per cent. of the students contribute and which the other ninety-nine per cent. criticize.

Jimmy Spence: "I proposed to you last night, but really I have forgotten whether you said 'yes' or 'no'."
Helen Cornwell: "I believe I said 'No' to someone last night, but I forgot just who it was."

Viola Mueller: "My cheeks are on fire."
Al Huss: "I thought I smelt paint burning."

F. Van Auken: "Tell me, Chuck, what would you do without me?"
Chuck Sommers: "I'd do as I liked."

Dorothy Peters: "You wrote me last week that I reminded you of the 'Goddess of Liberty'."
Russell Roberts: "Well, what of it?"
D. Peters: "Are you aware that one hand of the 'Goddess of Liberty' measures 16 feet 5 inches long; the thickness of her head is 10 feet; the nose is 4 feet 6 inches long; the mouth is 3 feet across and the waist is 35 feet around?"

"My brother got arrested for stealing some snuff."
"I thought snuff was made to be pinched."

The rivers eat away their banks,
The tides devour the sands,
The morning sun drinks up the mists,
The ocean eats the land,
Taxes eat up the property,
And pride eats out the soul,
But moths the diet record hold,
Because they eat a hole!

"Do you still walk in your sleep?"
"No, I take carfare to bed with me."

M. Child's S. S. Teacher: "Do you know where the little boys go who don't put their Sunday School money in the plate?"
Maynard: "Yes'm—to the movies."

During a social evening a woman sang for the guests. One of the guests turned to a meek-looking little man sitting at his side and said:

"How awful! Who can she be?"

"That," replied the man addressed, "is my wife."

"Oh, I b-b-beg your pardon," stuttered the other. "She's really a—I know she'd sing beautifully if she made a better selection of her music. Who do you suppose wrote that song?"

"I am the author of that song," reliped the meek-looking little man.

Dora had just returned from Sunday School where she had been for the first time. "What did my little daughter learn this morning?" asked the fond father. "That I am a child of "Satan," was the beaming reply.—Ex.

Not in the Chimney.

She—Did you hear the chimney swallow?

Embarrassed Youth — That wasn't the chimney, Ethel; that was I.—Ex.

Old Lady: "Here's a penny, my poor man. Tell me, how did you become so destitute?"

Beggar: "I was always like you, mum, a-given away vast sums ter the pore an' needy." —Ex.

Senior: "Do you support the 'Student Lantern'?"

Freshy: "I don't have to, it has a staff."

Nervous.

"They are going to cut me up if I go to the hospital, are they?"

"Of course not, when you're going just for a rest. What makes you think they are?"

"Because when I called up the hospital, a voice said, 'Operator'."—*Baltimore American.*

Speaking of Compliments.

Teacher: "What tense is 'I am beautiful'?"

Pupil: "Remote past."

Sister Nancy was going the round of the ward in the big hospital for wounded soldiers, examining the medical charts over each bed and taking temperatures.

Reaching the side of one hero, in whose mouth she had left the thermometer a minute ago, she was horrified to find, on withdrawing it that it registered 120, although only an hour ago the patient was normal. Swiftly she summoned the house doctor, but he, on arriving, was seriously perplexed, as there was nothing in the patient's condition to account for the sudden rise.

"Look here," he said to the soldier, "have you dropped this thermometer or been fooling about with it?"

"No sir. Only been stirring me tea with it."

If you want to start something, start a garden.

Her Husband: "If a man steals, no matter what, he will live to regret it."

His Wife: "You used to steal kisses from me."

Her Husband: "Well, you heard what I said."—Ex.

He: I can't understand why girls kiss each other.

She: To show you boys what you are missing, of course.

The Happy Alternative.

Stewy: "Do you think that money is necessary to happiness?"

Doris: "Not if one has unlimited credit."

Mrs. Henpeck: "This paper says that married women live longer than single ones."

Mr. Henpeck: "Heavens, woman, can't you think of something pleasant to talk about?"

Miss Smith was giving an informal talk on sulphur. She remarked, "It has lately been discovered that the body contains sulphur."

"Sulphur!" exclaimed Lillian in astonishment, "How much is there in a girl's body?"

"Oh! that varies according to the girl," repeated Miss Smith.

"Ah! that is the reason why some of us make better matches than others," returned Lillian.

The only persons who really enjoy bad health are the doctors.

PLAYS.

The Music Master ..... Gerald Marks
The Follies ..... Marg Wallace
Very Good Eddie ..... The Only One
The Little Minister ..... Buetow
Sis Hopkins ..... Dana
Oh, Boy! ..... Yours
The Chief ..... Mr. Warner
Miss Springtime ..... Viola Mueller
Baby Mine ..... Natalie Spencer
The Crisis ..... Our Cards
The Century Girl ..... Spile Milligan
Madame Butterfly ..... Dot Rice
Bunker Beau ..... Cop Oppermann
The Passing Show ..... Ikey
Hamlet ..... Piggy Schmidt
You're In Love ..... Ollie
Fool's Paradise ..... Moore's
Some Baby ..... Gladys Huss
A Kiss for Cinderella ..... Florence VanAuken

Ruffie: "Do you like popcorn balls?"

Spike: "I don't know that I ever attended any."

Sadie (studying German): "Frances, why do words have roots, anyway?"

Frances G.: "Simple; so that the language may grow."

Harold: Bernice, would you like a pet monkey?

Bernice: O, Harold, this is so sudden!

Miss G———— (in Latin IX.): "Arno, please count to twenty in Latin."

Silence——

Miss G.: "Arno, count aloud, please."

Freshman Flower Garden.

Brown-eyed-Susan
Florence VanAuken
Modest Violet.....Gladys Huss
Batchelor Button
Bruce Bentley
Jack-in-the-Pulpit.....John Orr
Sunflower.....Ruth Hedrick
Morning Glory.....Fran Callam

Occupations of Various Fellows

Cop Oppermann....Making faces
Jas. Spence.....Fussing
Baron Huss.....Busting pianos
Eddie Johnson.....Blushing
Piggy Schmidt
Walking on one leg
Bingo Schirmer
Making dates with the Calendar.
Beutow
Dodging the eligibility rule
S. Kelly.....I'd hate to mention
Kaufman
First assistant at an aviation school

Sommers—(side show county fair) "Why do they call that fat woman Sahara?"

Schirmer—"because she's such a vast stretch of waist."

E. Weadock—"What do they mean by teaching the soldiers how to shoot?"

McCorkkle "Oh that's triggernometry."

In History.

Miss H——: "What ist he liberty bell?"

F. Schmidt: "The one at the end of the eighth hour."

Heard in Civics.

Ikey: "Can they hang a person on circumstantial evidence?"

Mr. S.: "No! They have to have a rope."

Judge—(to McGregor whose father has been arrested for riotous conduct) "Well my boy what do you ken about this?"

Mac.—"Do you ken Mc McKans St.?"

Judge—"Yes I ken it well."

Mac—"Do you know where Scot St. crosses it?"

Judge—"Yes."

Mac—"Do you know that pump there?"

Judge—"Yes I know the old pump well."

Mac—"Well gany ye and pump it for ye're no gant to pump me."

Dear Santa Claus—

I am a little boy and I want a few things what you can bring me Christmas. I want a tin horn, a teddy bear, a train of cars, a Christmas tree, and lots of candy and nuts.

I am a awful nice little boy and so wont you bring me some thing?

Your little friend,
Harold Rust.

The Algebra class was studying elimination. Miss W.: "Why do I make the numerators of these terms equal?"

John: "To illuminate the x's."—Ex.

In Chemistry. Mr. H.: "What is H2OK9-"

Bright Junior: "A water dog."

Mr. H.: "Water dog? How do you make that out?"

B. J.: "H2 is water and K9 is a dog."

Two cats were on the back fence singing to the moon. Presently Tommy said: "Maria, don't open your mouth so wide. I can see clear down to your dinner." And Maria coquetishly answered: "Oh, does my rat show?"—Ex.

Tubby: "Is Limburger cheese good?"

Gerry Marx: "Good? Why, it's unapproachable!"

This is personal. Don't read it.

If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with the red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whale-bone ribs and an ivory handle to the slate-roofed grocer's store, he will hear something to his advantage, as the same is the goft of a deceased mother, now no more, with the name engraved upon it.—Ex.

Irate autoist (to chauffeur): "How on earth did you cut my tires like that?"

Chauffeur: "I ran over a beer bottle."

I. A.: "What's the matter, couldn't you see it?"

Chauf.: "No, it was in his pocket."—Ex.

When Rastus Johnsing's son arrived,
He looked just like his poppy;
In fact, de doctah done declared,
He was a cahbon copy.—Ex.

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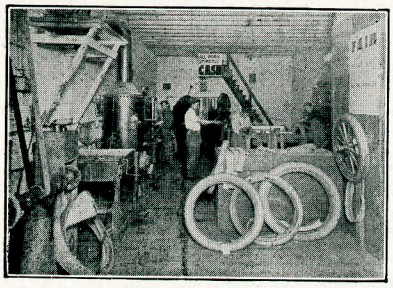

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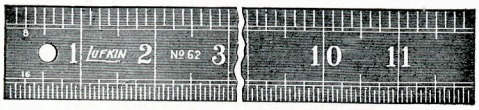
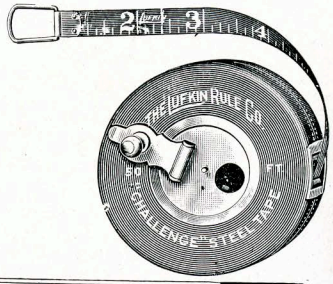

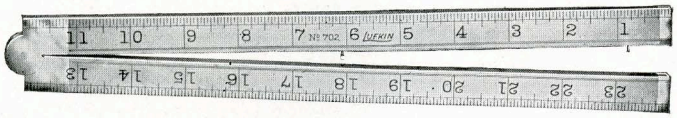
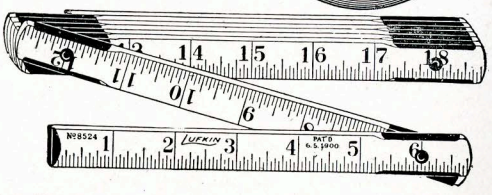

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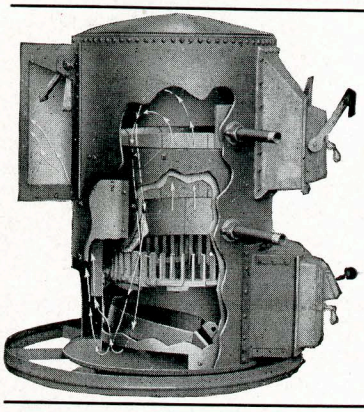

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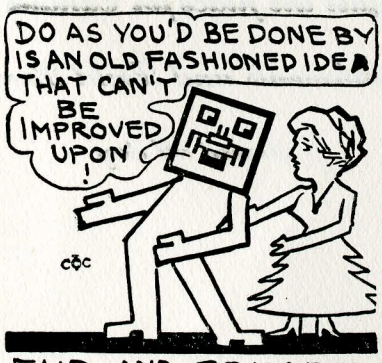

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"Why is a chicken's leg called a drum stick?"

"Because the chicken uses his leg to beat it with."

Teacher: "Name the Tudors."

Brilliant Student: "Front and back."—Ex.

Miss B. to Eddie (translating Latin): "Don't you think it's about time to turn the page? You've read the first eight lines on the next page already."

On an English XII test paper, "Wyatt and Surry introduced the blamed verse."—Ex.

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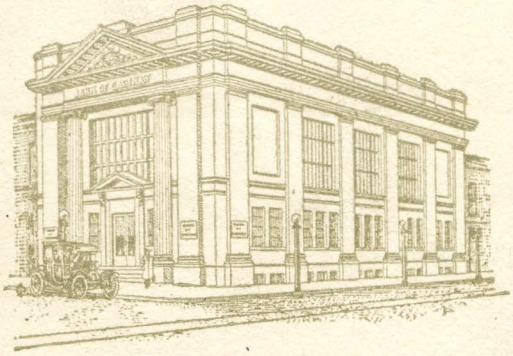

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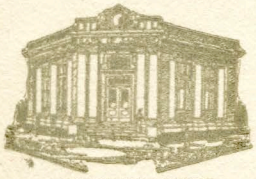

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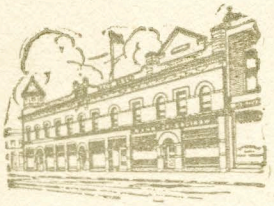

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